

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner

EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.

Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) by
The Washington Times Company, Munsey Bldg., Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sunday), \$7.50; 3 Months, \$3.00; 1 Month, 65c

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1918.

What Will the Answers Be?

There Are Going to Be a Good Many Questions Asked.

The Times' cartoonist, Mr. McCutcheon, has written an excellent editorial in the two pictures which appear in this column. One of the most astute politicians in the Capital said to the writer, "There is going to be more explaining of the votes against suffrage than of any legislative action since the Civil war."

The folks back home will want to know the reason why, and many a campaign speech will be interrupted with the inquiry "Why didn't YOU support the President 100 per cent?" It is regrettable that the whole country might not have shared with the women who called upon the President, his post-bellum remarks on the result of the vote of Tuesday.

Politicians are frequently responsible for the digging of their own graves, but it is the people who make certain that they OCCUPY them, and preparations are already under way for several elaborate funerals.

An Editorial 3,000 Years Old

Solomon was a very busy man. But he found time, as all busy men should do, to write down some of his thoughts.

As a result, 3,000 years ago he wrote in the book of Proverbs an excellent, short editorial on the Fourth Liberty Loan.

This is what he said:

"Withhold not good (your money) from them (our fighters) to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.

"Say not unto thy neighbor (the loan solicitor), Go, and come again, and tomorrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee.

"Honor the Lord (and your government) with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thy increase.

"Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet."

Tomorrow there will be two opportunities for you to subscribe to the Fourth loan.

In the morning many of the churches will substitute an outdoor service for the regular indoor sermon and you will be asked to buy bonds then.

Later in the afternoon a representative of the Government will call at your home and ask you, if you have not already bought to the limit, TO BUY ANOTHER.

Let your money go with your petition. BUY as you PRAY "with all fervence and faith."

Tomorrow should be a great day for the Liberty loan.

From The Public To The Editor

Suggests Another Name.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

A recent edition of The Times contained an editorial suggesting (?) that the army of red-blooded Americans who are fighting the battle of international human liberty be designated as the Grand Army of Democracy.

As a Times patron permit me to offer the suggestion, without going into the

history of the origin of the various American military orders or societies, that if any military organization emanates from this great conflict that it be known as the LEGION OF LIBERTY.

Does anyone else think likewise?

Respectfully submitted,

A. K. CAPEHART.

Ronday, N. C., October 3, 1918.

"I Hear You Calling Me"



When HE Wants the Support of the Voters.

When the President Wants HIS Support.

Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

THEY have told you that forty is a "dangerous age." But there are more dangers than one that beset the woman of forty.

A susceptibility to belated love affairs is not the chief nor indeed the worst of them.

I'm not thinking of the woman who has a profession and is absorbed in it. She can take very good care of herself. And I have not in mind the woman who married late and whose children are still young and clamorous. It's the normal, average woman for whom forty is in so many senses a dangerous age—the woman who married happily at twenty and whose children are in college, or engaged, or newly married, and whose contented and prosperous husband is deeply absorbed in whatever it may happen to be that pays the family bills.

Now it is very rarely that women of this sort see their own situation. They aren't eagerly concerned about making the right decision, as they were a score of years earlier. They feel that they have made their decisions and arranged their lives, and they are sure they have done it remarkably well.

Willing to Go to Seed. They know that life has gone smoothly and that their husbands are devoted and their children promising and their households competently conducted, and they think they have done their part. They are more than willing just complacently to go to seed.

And at forty!

Or perhaps it's forty-five, which is just as bad. For if a woman slumps in this fashion at forty, she is not likely to be in the least interesting when she is sixty, and there is no chance whatever of her being active, brilliant and beloved at eighty, as the Julia Ward Howes of this world succeed in being.

It's my own notion that there is no period of life, even the great-grandmotherly, when a healthy woman is justified in sitting comfortably down in the big rocking chair and thinking of herself as a "has-been."

Two Opposed Types. And I'm quite unable to see why any woman, in the prime of life, should be willing to range herself with the class that is going to seed, instead of with those to whom life is still a reality. It's so easy to tell at a glance which type a woman belongs to. If her walk and the way she wears her clothes didn't betray her, there's

an unmistakable something in the look of her eyes that will tell you whether she is an individual person with a life of her own, or merely the resigned and decaying relative of an obstreperous young generation.

And no one in search of companionship or friendship or help of any sort would hesitate long, I imagine, as to which sort of woman to approach. But there are middle-aged women too vital and energetic to accept the ignominious fate of passive decay, and too lacking in wisdom to provide themselves with a suitable outlet for their energy. It is women of this sort who unintentionally cause a vast deal of unhappiness. Any human being with strength and resource and administrative capacity is a source of positive danger unless he or she has made a connection with something to which these talents can be applied.

The over-administrative woman whose children have outgrown the home and who has herself no legitimate outside interests can, as we all know, destroy her husband's domestic peace, cause the washerwoman to wish she had never been born, and make of the suffering grocer's boy a woman-hater. Or if her children have married, she can begin the baleful career of a professional mother-in-law.

Applying Her Own Experience. The woman in the forties is rested from the efforts of her first ten years of married life. More or less consciously, she is yearning for something to do. In all matters of baby raising and house-keeping, she regards herself as an expert. And nothing could make her see that in coming into her son's home and personally tackling its problems she isn't doing the young wife a kindness.

Perhaps she does not wholly base her interference on the ground of her greater age and experience. Perhaps she is a mother who loves her son too well, loves him, I mean, in a jealous, possessive way, and insists on act-

ing as though she were still the guardian of her boy's comfort and happiness and the distracted wife an unsuccessful probationer.

A miserable chapter is beginning in a young man's life when he discovers that his wife and mother are tearfully at war over the holes in his socks or the way he likes to have the bread baked. And it's an unhappiness that could be totally avoided if mothers-in-law would only learn to keep their hands off.

The harm that a mother may do by interfering in her daughter's married life is perhaps less obvious, but it is just as real. Here there is less clash of domestic standards, because the mother and daughter are in this respect already adjusted. But the professional mother-in-law is willing to tamper with more delicate matters than cookery and wash day. She doesn't hesitate to tell her daughter how to "manage" her husband.

Husband—"Managing." Hasn't she herself successfully "managed" a man for a quarter of a century and doesn't she know? And wouldn't it be disrespectful on her daughter's part not to heed her advice? But as soon as this outside influence makes itself felt in the life of the young lovers, misunderstandings and quarrels follow. I wish that such mothers-in-law were ever repentant for the misery they cause. But they are so thoroughly in love with their own wisdom and authority that they do not feel the slightest twinge of remorse.

All of which is merely a preface to my appeal to middle-aged women to find an occupation for themselves. Something, if possible, outside their own homes. Something that they can take seriously and care deeply about and to which they can usefully apply that wisdom and energy and experience of theirs. Something to make the world more cheerful and themselves happier, something to keep them young and lovable and alive. Fortunately, there are at this moment many more outlets for a mature woman's energy than there ever were before. Can it be that you, you woman of forty, do not know of any? How about school lunches, and baby welfare stations and Montessori classes? How about community kitchens and a district nurse service and proper playgrounds and the public health generally?

And suffrage isn't won yet, except in spots. You see, there isn't a shred of excuse for you!

TODAY'S TOPIC THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

Once-Overs

SAVING IN THE HOME.

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What do you cut first in the family budget when you make another cut in family expenditure?

First you look at the outlay for necessary things and then reluctantly you go over the expense of things you might as well not go without.

Why not be sensible and go the other way about it? Is it indicative of gray matter to deny yourself and the family nourishing food needed for mind and body to enable you to enjoy pleasures to which you have gotten accustomed?

American people—we Americans—spend more than we should for a good time—pleasure.

Sober thought at the present time is needed to solve the question as to whether it is not in many cases money wasted.

From the standpoint of patriotism, if not from a personal one, we cannot afford to waste money or material.

The Government needs money, is pleading with you to buy securities—and Government securities are exceptionally good investments; so you are well paid to help your country and be what you should be without pay—A TRUE AND LOYAL AMERICAN.

Please Pay the Teachers' Salaries

It Appears They Will Be Fifteen Days Late and the Teachers Need What Small Amounts They Get.

By EARL GODWIN.

Teachers seem to be particularly unfortunate. It takes a gigantic upheaval of nature and legislature to increase their pay even to a small proportion of what they are really worth; and now when their pay is increased there is a fairly good probability that they will be fifteen days behind time in getting it.

Everyone of us knows that there is a brand new force of clerks at the District Building and that the making of a pay roll is a hard job. But here's hoping that somehow, some way, may be found to cut down the delay on the payment of teachers' salaries this month.

Teachers, like other mortals, have bills to meet. If they do not get their pay checks on time, they borrow money, and the suggestion is made by members of the teaching force that they are not always able to get it at legal rates. Moreover, they are required to make leases, and meet interest payments and other necessary financial obligations. Many of these mature October 1, and not to have money for them promptly creates a bad situation for the whole teaching force.

Probably a good answer to these complaints will come from the District Building, where the pay checks are made out. I wonder if it would be possible to let some of the teachers who are now having an enforced vacation by reason of the Spanish Influenza, go down to the District Building to help out in the general rush to get things done promptly?

HEARD AND SEEN

Bet Your Money On the U. S. A.

Who remembers when shoe soles were put on with wooden pegs and the inside looked like a picket fence, and you had to rub a part of the inside sole off to smooth the pegs down so you could get your feet in?

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

YOU WILL NOT USE

Your Car Tomorrow Because it's gasless Sunday, but you CAN let it be of use by lending it to MRS. CLINE, Camp Mother at Camp Humphreys. Take it from me, if she can get ONE car tomorrow it will do more good than any other automobile ever did since Henry Ford was a night engineer. Mrs. Cline has permission to use a car in her "camp mother" work on Sunday. She asks that some one lend her one. Her telephone number until 4 p. m. today is Main 4650, Branch 357. Her home call is Franklin 3885.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

Since this column told the city that hospitality was overlooking the sick soldiers at St. Elizabeth's, there has been a change for the better. DR. D. E. LORENZ, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at St. Elizabeth's, tells me that a hundred of the boys were guests of Mr. Barney Bernard at a matinee performance of "Business Before Pleasure."

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

STEVE TILLMAN tells me that the Army and Navy Union installed a "smoke bag" for St. Elizabeth's. This will buy tobacco.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

Answering G. D. BALCOMB's inquiry as to the Investment Company, D. R. B. says: "This company went out of business ten or fifteen years ago."

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

LEW THAYER is among those making the popular suggestion that we make tomorrow Fresh Air Sunday and combat the Spanish Flu by taking motor rides in the country. It is probably true that Dr. Garfield will lift the "gasless Sunday" ban as soon as possible, and it probably will not require any suggestion. This is just to let the folks know we're thinking about it.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

A letter mailed in the New Willard at 5 p. m. Tuesday was delivered in Baltimore at 3:30 p. m. the next day. It was postmarked as having been mailed here at 10:30 p. m. Now if the Postoffice is rushed to the limit, I move that the Postoffice tell us what to expect. Also that it opens up some more substations.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

YOU KNOW ME, BYRON.

BYRON S. ADAMS is working overtime to advertise the fact that tomorrow will be Liberty Loan Day at the church services. He asks me if I will mention it in this column. You bet I will, Mr. Adams, to quote a well-known printer—"I never disappoint."

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

There's a sign shop on Twelfth street below F street, northwest, which has in it a Liberty Loan slogan which to my way of thinking is about right:

Another Bond
Another Shell
Another German
Shot to—

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

FRANK CULVERWELL makes this good suggestion in the interest of the public.

"There should be complete co-operation of the street railway companies and the public to prevent the spread of the influenza. Yesterday I rode out on the Eleventh street line at 5:30 in car No. 836. There were fifty-seven passengers registered and EVERY WINDOW IN THE CAR WAS CLOSED. This happened the day before they closed the schools as a preventive."

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

FRUIT PITS AND NUT SHELLS. Place receptacles on all the letter or trash boxes in the downtown section and ask the PUBLIC to deposit Pits and Shells in them. In a walk from Ninth and G to Ninth and E I counted eleven peach stones which had been wasted because they didn't seem worth saving, and I wasn't looking for them.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

It seems to me the sugar that is being saved in restaurants by the people for Uncle Sam is a good thing for the restaurant owners. People who eat in restaurants are not using nearly as much sugar as they used to use. The result is restaurant owners do not have to buy so much sugar.

Why not have restaurant owners pay Uncle Sam the money they save because of the fact that they do not have to buy as much sugar now as they did have to buy before Uncle Sam's sugar-saving order went into effect?

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

JOHN ANSCHUTZ.

1008 Park road.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

Let's Get an American Word for Delicatessen.

Now that patriotic Americans are ordering "Liberty potatoes" instead of "German fried," "Liberty dogs" instead of the time-honored "hot dogs" or "weiners," and "Liberty cabbage" instead of "sauerkraut," why not make our appetites more satisfied by starting a campaign to have the odorous word "DELICATESSEN" supplanted by some such American name as "LIBERTY BEANERY" or "YANKEE EATERY?"

—A LIBERTY GASTRONOME-TRIST.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

JACK LEWIS, the well-known East Baltimore UNDERTAKER, has fully recovered from a severe attack of illness.

—Baltimore American.

Cheating himself, eh?

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

HARRY C. STEVENS (I refer to the newspaper correspondent, not the genial dispenser of hot-water heaters) says that if the term "banking" is applied to the turning of an aeroplane in the air, then aeronautics is really a phase of high finance.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

SONGS OF A DAY LONG DEAD. It was fifty years ago, my love, Just fifty years ago, I would often wait by the garden gate With love that pained me so. They called you the village belle, Hearts at your feet were laid; You were bright as the morning's light, Many the vows we made. Do not turn away and leave me, You shall know, And although we're old and feeble now And life has seen its day, I would give my life Had you been my wife Just fifty years ago.